

The LONDON JOURNAL.

SATURDAY, October 30. 1731.

NUMB. 644.

Some THOUGHTS on GAMING, LOTTERIES, IDLENESS, BUSINESS, &c.



'Tis impossible to procure any constant durable Good, or to preserve our Happiness, without preserving our Honesty; so 'tis extremely difficult to preserve our Honesty, without preserving our Fortunes; and living within those Bounds and Limits

which Nature and Reason have plainly mark'd out to us. For to wisely is Nature constituted, that there is no departing from her Laws, without departing from our own Happiness. The Voice of Nature or Reason (for they are all one) is the Voice of Pleasure; her Ways are Ways of Pleasures, and all her Paths are Peace; but the least Deviation from Reason is a Step into Misery. Every Vice is closely and naturally connected with Evil; and tho' the Crafty and Powerful may provide and guard better against the Consequences of wrong Conduct; yet Nature, ever Wise, will find them out, and preserve the Dignity of her Institutions, by punishing the Offender; for, in spite of all their Cunning and Power, Virtue will be its own Reward, and Vice its own Punishment. Every Vice naturally lessens a Man's Happiness, and deprives him of his real greatest Good; but the Vice of Gaming makes such Inroads, and commits such Ravages upon our Fortunes and our Honesty, that 'tis impossible to preserve our Happiness. All other Vices make sure, tho' slower Approaches to our Destruction, but this breaks in upon us all at once: It rolls like a Torrent down a Precipice, and there is no resisting its all devouring Force. Gaming destroys the Mind, the Body, and the Estate: It contracts the Soul, and narrows the Genius: It gives us a Disinclination to all the Pleasures of a more noble and generous, a more exalted, and durable Kind. This strong violent Love of Gain levels all Persons, and confounds all Things. We never distinguish Friends from Foes; the Good from the Bad; nor the Poor from the Rich: Gaming hardens the Heart, and feels the Soul against every Benevolent Impression: It swallows up Humanity and good Nature; and makes a Man absolutely selfish, tho' that Self be built upon the Ruin of innocent Families, and the Misery of those whom we esteem'd, and who deserved our Esteem. Gaming does not only vitiate and corrupt the Mind, by putting us upon a thousand mean Things which our Souls abhor'd, but it destroys our Health; for that constant Anxiety of Mind, that strong painful Concern for the Ever, and the sitting up whole Nights, to recover a losing Hand, wears out the Body, as thoroughly and effectually as it debases and contracts the Soul. But then, as to the Estate and Fortunes, What Havock does it make? There is no Estate large enough to support a Gambler; and if it was, Why should a Man who has a certain Income, within which he can live handsomely, put that Certainty to Hazard? We should not wonder, That a Man who is worth nothing, who stands naked in the World, and is bereft of all the Means of Subsistence, should try his Fortune; for he may get, but can't lose; his greatest Blessing is, he can't be curs'd: But that a Man, who has all the Means of a rational and manly Happiness within his own Power, should put those Means upon the Chance of a Dye, and leave it to Fortune, or to the Winds, whether he shall continue to possess them, or be eternally deprived of them, is a Pitch of Madness that we should not think Men capable of, was it not evident to our Senses.

This Madness of our Countrymen, (who used to be a sober, frugal, industrious Race of People,) takes its Rise from our growing Luxury; and that Luxury, in a great Measure, from the South Sea Year; when Persons in Authority, and at the Helm of Affairs, led the Nation into Gaming and Misery; gave them a general corrupt Taste; vitiated their Minds; turn'd them from the slow, but sure Way of getting Money by Labour and Industry; and put them on the foolish Expectation of being Rich at once, to support that Luxury which

[Price Two-Pence.]

they so shamefully and ingloriously plac'd before their Eyes. Tho', if Men could obtain this Wealth in a Moment, which they so anxiously desire, and spring up Rich all at once, it would signify very little towards their Happiness: They would probably be as far, if not farther from it than before. For if we judge of Men by Experience, (the surest Way of judging) we shall find, that what is got at once, is generally spent at once: What is got without Thought or Design, is spent too without Thought or Design. 'Tis the Nature of Man, that what we take no Pains for, we don't value; what we obtain easily, we as easily throw away; and, perhaps, 'twould be difficult to name an Estate got by Gaming, which ever descended to Posterity, if it lasted the Gambler's Life. But, if they had Sense enough to preserve what they had got, this sudden Accumulation of Wealth and (as they vainly imagine) Honour too, doles their Souls, and puts out the Light of their Understandings: It throws them upon a Way of Living so different from what they ever experienced, that they live in a Maze, perpetually run into Extravagancies of one Kind or other, fly from Pleasure to Pleasure, contract Distempers, lessen all the natural reasonable Joys of Life, and hasten Death; who is truly the King of Terrors to them, as they abound in Wealth and Luxury, and Confusion of Thought, caused by that Wealth and Luxury.

These Upstart Gentlemen, or Gentlemen of Fortune, being seldom Men of Education, or Masters of the Science of Life, wander into a thousand Errors; and neither decently nor rationally enjoy what other Persons, who were born to the Expectation of Estates, or who obtain'd them by Care and Labour, enjoy with so much Ease and Satisfaction.

The natural Life of Man is Labour or Business; Riches is an unnatural State; and therefore, generally a State of Misery. There is more Pleasure upon the whole, by being obliged to ask, than to lie under no Obligation at all; besides, when a Man gets his Wealth by Degrees, he enjoys it by Degrees; he makes a proportionable Progress in Pleasure, and travels on from one Degree of Happiness to another; so that the Number of his Pleasures encreases with the Number of his Days Life, which is a Drug in the Hands of idle Men, or Gentlemen, never hangs heavily upon the Hands of Merchants and Tradesmen; nor do I know any Set of Men in the Kingdom so well turn'd or so happily situated for Pleasure as the Men of Business in London; who so judiciously divide their Time between City and Country, and so elegantly enjoy in one Place what they so honestly and pleasantly got in another.

This is so true, That the greatest Happiness arises from the slow Progressive Way of Business, that a wise Man would never leave his Children so much Money as to put them beyond Industry; for that is too often putting them beyond Happiness. Let it suffice, that they enter the World with such a moderate Fortune, that, with Labour and Application, they may live well, and enjoy all which a reasonable Man would desire; and that's enough: But the foolish ridiculous Folly of Tradesmen, to leave their Sons Gentlemen, hath destroy'd the Happiness of the Fathers, and of the Sons too: The Fathers have lost theirs by too great Anxiety and Parsimony; and their Sons were deprived of their Happiness by Idleness, Luxury, and all those Vices which young Men, with a great deal of Money, and little Sense or Experience, naturally run into. So that heaping up Riches for our Posterity, is, generally speaking, heaping up Destruction; and entailing of large Estates, entailing Vice and Misery.

From the Truth of what hath been said, it follows, That if the Gambler is successful, (which is not the Case of One in a Thousand) he is often ruin'd; his very Gain is a Loss, and his Success destroys him. He would have been far more happy, had he been train'd to Business; and obtain'd his Wealth, by slow Degrees, in such an honest Way of Trade, that his Riches were not built upon another Man's Poverty; but that other

Men might live, and get Estates too, by what he gets his Estate; and so the Happiness is mutual: 'Tis dealt round from Hand to Hand; and the Good of the Whole necessarily arises from the Good of every Individual thus happily depending upon one another: Happily depending, I say; for by this mutual and universal Dependence, there is infinitely more Happiness to every single Man, than by a State of Independency.

These Thoughts were occasion'd by the present Lottery; which, notwithstanding the Miseries and Devastation of the South-Sea Year, plainly discovers the Temper of the People to be the same; and that they would run into the same Excesses, had they the same Opportunities. The Spring and Source of this unreasonable Passion of getting Money enough, at once, to serve 'em all their Lives, is the Luxury of the Age. Excesses of all Kinds grow among the Trading Part of the Nation; which I am sorry to say, because they are certainly the most useful Part of the Nation; and used to be the most virtuous too. But they have got a wrong Turn; they will commence Gentlemen, when they should be only Tradesmen; Men of Pleasure, or half Men of Pleasure, when they should be totally Men of Business: They begin where they should end: They wail, in the Infancy of their Trade, and before they have made their Fortunes, be absent from their Business two or three Days in a Week; which, besides the ill Effects this has upon their Families, contracts an Habit of Idleness and Pleasure: They come home with a Disinclination to their Duty; don't in haste, and wish 'twas over: Their Souls are somewhere else; and they are absent from Business, even while they are in it. This is the melancholy Case; and this induces 'em to lay hold of every Opportunity of shaking off their Business: This makes 'em run a madding after Lotteries; and this throws Men of Sense, Wealth, and Honesty too, amongst Blockheads, Beggars, and Rascals, (whom they would blush to be seen with at any other Time,) all upon the Stretch; and putting themselves in the Way of Fortune, as they call it, which is only another Phrase for the Way of Ruin. What a Rendezvous of Wretches are here! who, borrowing in twenty Places Money enough to purchase a Ticket at twice or three times the Value, rob their Masters, or pick Pockets to get it up again; and others more honest, who distress themselves and Families for a Year, under the strong Delusion and wild Insatiation of getting 10,000*l.* in a Moment. By this Means also, Business is neglected; Poverty, Vice, and Misery spread among the People; and a wrong Turn given to Mens Minds, which influences them all their Lives.

For these Reasons all Lovers of their Country hope that the Parliament, who are the Guardians of the People's Happiness as well as of their Liberties, will never come into another Lottery, unless the Necessities of the Government absolutely require it. Gaming should be so far from being encouraged, that the Legislature ought to take all possible Methods to prevent its Growth, for it has taken Root among all Orders and Degrees, all Ranks and Conditions of Men, and even among the Ladies themselves, who put their Health, their Beauty, and their Happiness, if not their Virtue, to hazard; what Heart is there so steel'd against all Humanity, as to be able to think of that unfortunate young Lady at the Bath, without dropping a Tear? who, ruin'd by Gaming, rather than part with her Virtue, or submit to a mean Dependence upon others, thought it best to resign Life itself.

This modern Practice of the Ladies don't only relate to themselves, it has a terrible Effect upon their Children and Families. No wonder there's such Complaint of the Vices of the present Age, when there's no Government nor Order in Families; when the Masters and Mistresses are gone their several Ways a Pleasure-hunting, and the Ship is left without a Guide to steer its Course, and direct its Voyage. In short, the Fate of the Nation seems very much to depend upon putting a Stop to this destructive Practice of Gaming; for which Reason



Reason the Representatives of the Nation will, no doubt, take all Methods, within the Reach of humane Wisdom and Power, to prevent all Excesses of this kind for the future, and save the People from Ruin, by just Laws and honest Examples.

SOCRATES.

To the Author of the LONDON JOURNAL.

SIR,

THE following Lines are Part of a Poem I have seen in manuscript. They relate to the present Times, and contain the Characters of the Two Eminent Writers against the Court. I'm willing to leave the Merit of 'em to the Publick, and therefore desire you'll print them. I am

Your's, &c.

AN endless War of Words let *Manlius* wage,
And in the Paings of Disappointment rage;
Let him with *Edric*, thrice prov'd Traytor, try
To give the Truth, that shines like Light, the Ly;
With weekly Trash let them the State revile;
Bleeding and maim'd the Vipers gnaw the File.
Nature, in all her Works, ne'er join'd before
A Pair to Slander prone, or Treason, more
Than in fiery *Manlius* and than *Edric* cool;
A-foul the last, the first not quite a Fool.

Edric was born of an illustrious Race,
Of Her who bore him, and his Sire's Disgrace;
The Byass of his Soul to Treason lay;
When Profit call'd He would his Prince betray,
Would sell his Country to his fiercest Foes;
And plot their Fall beneath whose Smiles He rose:
From Place to Place, the Wretch, by Fortune toss'd,
Found, in th' Event, his Expectations cross'd;
Yet He, regardless of the Perils pass'd,
Was always false to those who serv'd him last.
As the bright Orb on *Clara's* Hand that shines,
Rich with the Growth of orient I Mines,
Contains a Diamond of the larger Size,
Around whose Blaze the lesser Gems arise,
So in the Seat of Vices, *Edric's* Breast,
Treason exults superior to the rest;
Ten thousand Crimes in Embryo fill the Room;
But Treason reigns, and horrid makes the Gloom.
Whoring and Drinking are no more than Play;
The *Business* of his Soul is to betray;
And on he went betraying, till his Fall
Made him a Proverb, and abhor'd by all:
So strong the Lust of Treason in the Elf,
Now none will trust him, he betrays himself;
He scribbles Libels, now his Treasons fail;
And shews he has, at least, the Pow'r to rail.

Plebeian *Manlius*, to be thought a Thing
Of some renown, dares to traduce his King;
Nature has join'd to his unfeemly Pride
Edric's Ambition, but his Wit deny'd:
That in a Sphere he mov'd, in former Days,
Beneath *Cunillius* was his foremost Praise;
That now he strives to damo him into Fame
Is the most lasting, and his greatest, Shame:
He in the Senate grows so rashly bold
As to attack the Throne, and set the Scold;
To spread his Folly, he commits to Sale
Whole Reams of Treason in a Gossip's Tale:
Where'er he goes the merry Scoffers near,
And the loud Laugh of Scorn torments his Ear.
On him Ingratitude has fix'd her Brand;
And o'er him Justice holds her vengeful Hand;
Yet he proceeds without or Wit or Dread,
Deaf to the Thunder rowling o'er his Head.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Hull, Off. 29.

ON Thursday Night last, several the most cruel Villanies were committed in this Neighbourhood, that ever was heard of. One single Rogue murder'd six Persons one after another, all in a House, though they resisted him; and afterwards set the House on Fire, whereby a Child was burnt in its Cradle; as were also three Cows, and all the Corn in the Barn. The Murderer was Nephew to the Man of the House. He endeavour'd, when he had done this Fear, to drown himself; but was taken out of the Water, and has not only confess'd all these Murders, but has related every Circumstance of them.

Paris, Off. 29. The Concourse of People to Abbot Paris's Grave is as great as ever, and with

the same Success, if you will believe them, as to the Miracles wrought there: But it is said the Party that are against the Janfenists, have Interest enough to get that Body taken up, and removed to another Place.

Soon after the new Prince of Monaco and the Princess his Lady set out hence (some time ago to take Possession of that Principality, there happened a very particular Accident about it. The Prince design'd (it seems) to have taken Possession and Administration both, in his own Person singly, exclusively of the Princess, who was upon the Road with him, and was to know nothing of the Matter. However, the good Lady having some Suspicion, she resolv'd to be before-hand with the Prince, if she could frame some Excuse, which would prevent his conceiving any thing like the Truth. She represented to him, how necessary it was for somebody to go before, and make the necessary Preparations for his Reception; at the same time offering him her Service. The Prince not dreaming of any sinister Design in such a Proposal, made no Difficulty of closing with it; so away goes the Lady before, leaving her Husband to come after by easy Journeys: But being arrived at Monaco, he found to his great Surprise, that the Princess, as Daughter of the late Prince Antonio Grimaldi, had in that Quality taken Possession of the Principality with all the Formalities; nay, that she had procur'd herself to be recognized as the Only Rightful Sovereign; and that the Magistrates had taken an Oath of Fidelity, and the Vassals paid Homage to her, as such. The Prince did all that was in his Power to prevail with his Lady to resign to him by fair Means; but to no purpose: He then began to storm and threaten her; without Effect. When he reproach'd her with a Treacherous Part she had acted by him, the Princess gave him an Answer that made him Mad: She told him, among other things, *I consider myself now as Queen Anne, and you, Sir, as Prince George.* Some say the Princess is in the right, because she is the late Prince of Monaco's Daughter, and her Husband's Title has no other Foundation than his Marriage with her, and the late Prince's Will. This Affair may be of bad Consequence. The Prince is return'd hither, and the Princess stays behind at Monaco. After all, it is probable, the Lady would not have taken this Step, without some Disgust at her Husband for which (they say) he has given her too much Reason.

Paris, Nov. 1. We have received Advice from Seville, that the Infante Don Carlos set out thence the 20th inst for Italy; and the Marquis de Castellar has been charged by his Catholick Majesty to desire the King to permit the Infante Don Carlos to pass through Roussillon, Languedoc, and Provence.

Paul Sigismund de Montmorency Luxemburg, Duke de Chastillon, died here the 23th inst, in the 68th Year of his Age.

Mary Anne Hyacinthe Visselou de Bienassis, Wife of Lewis Engilbert Count de la Mark, Colonel of the Regiment of Foot of his Name, died at Aix la Chapelle the 17th, in the 19th Year of her Age.

The second Madame de France still keeps her Chamber, not being recovered of her late Indisposition.

Dublin, Off. 16. A Bill is ordered to be brought into Parliament, that all Proceedings in Courts of Justice in this Kingdom, shall be read in the English Language.

This Week died the Right Hon. Sir Gustavus Hume, Bart. Knight of the Shire for the County of Fermanagh.

On Wednesday last about 200 Anchors of Brandy were seized on the North Strand, and brought up to the Custom House. And, we hear, that a Brigantine laden with Brandy and Tobacco was seized on our Coast by one of his Majesty's Sloops.

Yesterday at a General Assembly of the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, Aldermen and Common Council of this City, it was agreed to present His Grace our Lord Lieutenant, with his Freedom of this City in a Gold Box: And also to present Mr. Secretary Cary with his Freedom in a Silver Box.

This Week several Persons were try'd at the Court of Oyer and Terminer, held at the King's Bench; five Men were condemn'd, three for

Horse Stealing, and two Constables for Street Robbery.

Dublin, Off. 19. Johnson, alias Griffith, who was apprehended some Time in September last, on Account of the Murder and Robbery of John Crake, the Linnen Carrier, near Drumcondra, was try'd Yesterday at the Court of Oyer and Terminer, held at the King's Bench, and found Guilty of both. He is to be hang'd and quarter'd to Morrow.

Bristol, Off. 23. On Tuesday last, about Five o'Clock in the Evening, a Female of Human Species, aged about 50, and married some considerable Years to a Mariner now at Sea, and one that used to wash Linnen for several Reputable Families in this City, with whom she was in Esteem, and bore an honest Character, was discover'd by two Women in the horrid Act of Bestiality, naked to her Shift on her Bed, with a great Mastiff Dog belonging to a Boat-Builders Yard; the Woman had Apartments in the same House, on the Butts, behind Horse Street, who were so struck with Astonishment, that one of them swoon'd away at the amazing Spectacle. The Mistress is since gone off, to avoid what Justice she deserves for so inhuman an Act; and her Daughter, who is grievously afflicted, is selling off her Goods. The Dog was kill'd Yesterday by some Sailors.

LONDON.

Thursday, about One o'Clock at Noon, their Majesties, the Duke, and the Princesses, came to Town from Hampton Court, being escorted by a Party of the Body Guards to Fulham, from whence they were escorted by a Party of the Duke of Bolton's Horse to Buckingham House; and from thence to St. James's by a Party of the Horse Guards.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales went from Hampton Court to his House at Kew, where he dined, and came to St. James's in the Evening. And

The same Night their Majesties, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, his Royal Highness Prince William, and the Princesses Royal, Amelia, Carolina, Mary, and Louisa, together with a great Concourse of Nobility, were at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane, to see the *London Merchant*, or the *True Tragical Story of George Barnwell*; with the Farce of the *Devil to Pay*.

Thursday the new Lord Mayor was sworn in at Guildhall, when the old Lord Mayor deliver'd up to him the Keys and other Regalia of the City with the usual Formalities. And

Yesterday the new Lord Mayor went by Water, with the usual Formalities, to Westminster-Hall, where he was sworn in before the Barons of the Exchequer.

Thursday about Two o'Clock, a Grand Council was held at St. James's.

The same Day an ancient Country Gentleman came to Mr. Marshall's Shop in Ludgate-street to fit himself with a Pair of Spectacles, and putting his Hand in his Pocket, a Pistol that was in it, ready charg'd and loaded, happen'd to go off, so that the Ball graz'd on his Thigh, and lodg'd in his Leg.

The Hon. Walter Cary, Esq; Secretary to his Grace the Duke of Dorset, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, one of the Clerks in Ordinary of his Majesty's most Hon. Privy Council in England, a Privy Counsellor in Ireland, and a Member of the House of Commons for the Borough of Clifton Dartmouth-Hardness in Devonshire, was on the 17th Instant return'd duly elected a Member of the House of Commons of Ireland, for the City of Clogher.


Tuesday last, between Five and Six in the Evening, Mr. Coltman, junior, of Southgate, going home in his Chariot, was stop'd by two Highwaymen near Stamford Hill Turnpike. The Coachman not observing the Highwaymen first Sign to stop, one of them fired his Pistol at the young Gentleman, which, by Providence, grazed only on his Arm. They robbed him of Two Half Guineas and his Sword, and then rode off towards Hackney.

We hear that Capt. Eaton, of the Coldstream Regiment of Foot Guards, is to have the Earl of Albemarle's Company in the said Regiment; and that the Hon. John Lumley, Esq; Brother to the Right Hon. the Earl of Scarborough, is to succeed Capt. Eaton as Captain Lieutenant in the said Regiment.

The Dutchess's Dowager of Marlborough has given a Sword set with Diamonds, and a Pair of Diamond Buckles of great Value (which were presented to the late Duke of Marlborough by the present Emperor of Germany) to her Grandson, the Earl of Sunderland.

Deaths. Last Week died at Bath, the Rev. Dr. Atterbury, Brother to the late Bishop of Rochester. He was Vicar of Hornsey and Shiperton, both in Middlesex — Saturday died Mr. Oswald Hoskins, a noted Soap-Maker, at his House in St. John's Lane near Clerkenwell. — The same Day died the

To be SOLD,
Just Imported,
A Choice Collection of Flower-Roots,
viz. Tulips, Anemonies, Ranunculus, Dou-
ble Hyacinths, Narcissus, & all other Sorts of
Flower-Roots, by NATHANIEL POWELL, Seed-
man, at the King's-Head near Fetter Lane, in Hol-
born. Where you may be furnished with all Sorts
of Garden-Seeds, &c.



AT the Crown in
 Crispin-street, Spit-
 Fields, opposite to
 the End of Dorset-street,
 is the Candle Warehouse;
 where Candles of all Si-
 zes, and very good, are
 made and sold at the
 lowest Rates, viz. 5 s 6 d.
 per Dozen; also fine
 Mold Candles at the
 lowest Prices. Deliver'd
 to any Part of the
 Town, by
JAMES BADILEY, Tallow Chandler.

LONDON: Printed for J. PERLE, at Locke's Head in Amen-Corner, Paternoster-Row; where Advertisements are taken in.